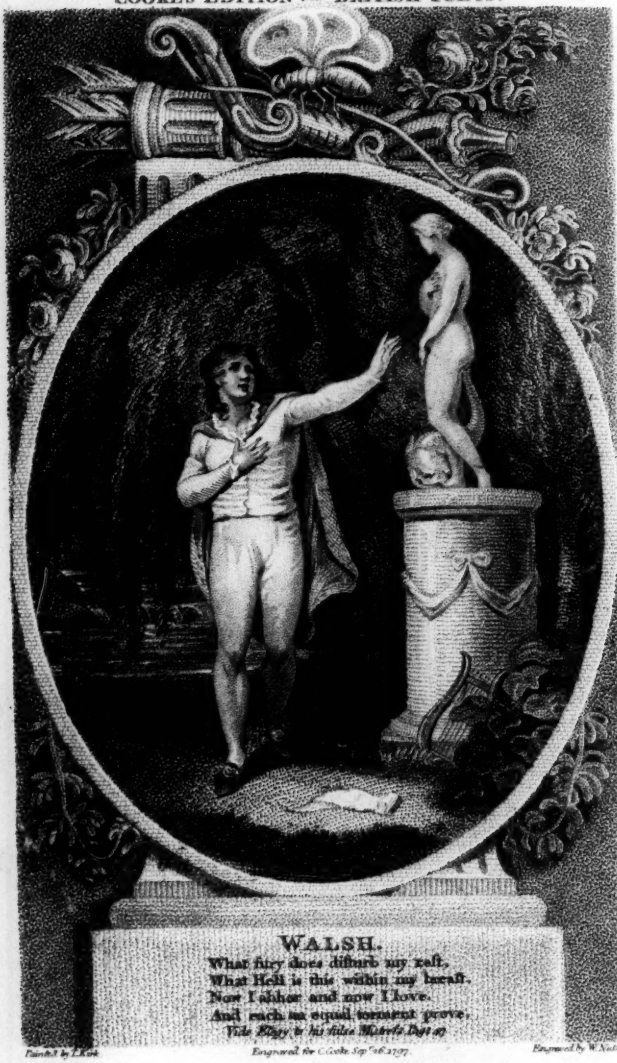
COOKE'S EDITION OF BRITISH POETS.



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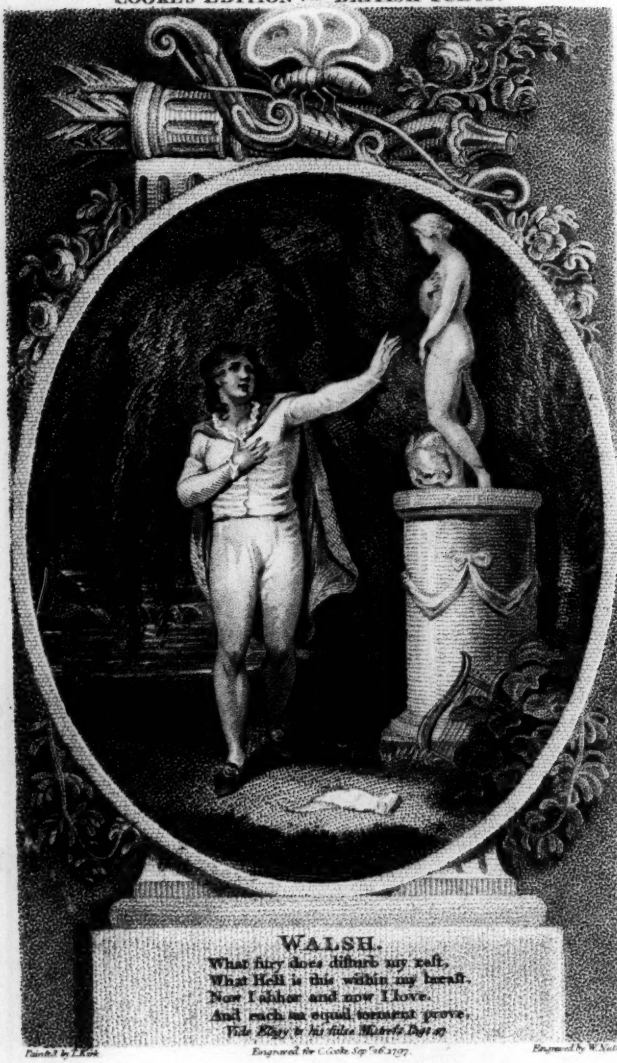

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WALSH'S WORKS,

forming part of

Cooke's Pocket Edition of

the Original & Complete Works of

SELECT BRITISH POETS,

or Entertaining Poetical Library

containing the most Esteemed

Poetic Productions,

Superbly Embellished.

Vide Loving one I have not, Page 83.

1797.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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53

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WALSH.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few,
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wits fundamental laws---
Such late was WALSH, the Muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.

Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:
Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoſter-Row
and ſold by all the Bookſellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland.

BRITISH MUSEUM
27 APR 53

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WALSH.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES.	SONGS,
ELEGIES.	ECLOGUES,
EPIGRAMS,	IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Go, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart:
Thoſe who love's dear deluding pains have known,
May in my fatal ſtories read their own;
Thoſe who have liv'd from all its torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, by me.

The Author to his Book.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOK.

LIFE OF WALSH.

MOST of the particulars concerning William Walſh are taken from a brief account given by Wood, who relates, that he was the ſon of Joſeph Walſh, Eſq. of Aberley, in Worceſterſhire, and born in the year 1663.

Having made a conſiderable progreſs in claſſical learning, when he arrived at the age of fifteen years, he was ſent to the univerſity of Oxford, and entered a gentleman commoner of Wadham College.

He ſeems not to have been much delighted with a college life, for he left the univerſity without taking a degree, and purſued his ſtudies at London, as well as in his native country, with great aſſiduity, as appears from the teſtimony of Dryden, who, in the poſtſcript to his Virgil, calls him *the beſt critic in our nation*.

To improve his mind, and qualify him for moving in a reſpectable ſphere of life, he entered upon his travels at an early period, and formed, by his talents and addreſs, an acquaintance with men of wit and learning abroad; and when he returned home, his accompliſhments introduced him to the firſt company in high as well as literary life.

He was not merely a critic and a ſcholar, but a man of faſhion and a courtier, being diſtinguiſhed by the friendſhip of the Duke of Shrewſbury, and made gentleman of the horſe to Queen Anne; under the Duke of Somerſet. Dennis remarks, that he was oſtentatiouſly ſplendid in his dreſs. He was likewiſe choſen knight of the ſhire for the county of Worceſter, in ſeveral parliaments, and once repreſentative for Richmond, in the county of York.

Our author appears, from many parts of his writings, to have been zealouſly attached to the principles of the revolution; but his political ardour did not

abate his reverential eſteem for Dryden, even after he was diſpoſſeſſed of the laurel by King William, and diſcountenanced by the public, for his time-ſerving compliance with the religious tenets and deſpotic principles which prevailed in the preceding reign: as he gave Dryden a Diſſertation on Virgil's Paſtorals, in which Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that, however ſtudied, he diſcovers ſome ignorance of the laws of French verſification.

His correſpondence with Pope, in whom he had diſcernment enough to diſcover very extraordinary poetical powers at their firſt dawn, commenced in 1705. The letters which paſſed between them are written upon the paſtoral comedy of the Italians, and the paſtorals which that great poet was then preparing to publiſh.

As acts of kindneſs, experienced in early life, are ſeldom forgotten, Pope always retained a grateful ſenſe of Walſh's notice, and mentioned him in one of his latter pieces, among thoſe that had encouraged his juvenile ſtudies.

——— Granville the polite,
And knowing Walſh, would tell me I could write.

In his Eſſay on Criticiſm, Pope has given him more ſplendid praiſe; and in the opinion of his learned commentator, Warburton, ſacrificed a little of his judgment to his gratitude.

The time of his death is not preciſely aſcertained—it is ſuppoſed to have happened between 1707, when he wrote to Pope, and 1711, when Pope praiſed him in his eſſay. The epitaph makes him forty-ſix years old; but, if Wood's account be right, he died in 1709.

Walſh, from a complacent diſpoſition, and a well cultivated mind, was much reſpected by his cotemporaries, and lived on terms of friendſhip and familiarity with men of the firſt rank and abilities.

Dryden and Pope have given their ſanction in his favour

favour, to which no doubt they were greatly induced by motives of perſonal friendſhip; and the more rigid critics are of opinion, that if an intimacy had not ſubſiſted between thoſe great literary characters and our author, their encomiums would have been leſs laviſh; candour, however, muſt admit, that much praiſe is due to ſeveral of his productions.

The works of Walſh are not numerous. In proſe, he wrote *a Dialogue concerning Women, being a Defence of the Fair Sex, addreſſed to Eugenia*, printed in 1691. This is the moſt conſiderable of his productions, and is highly commended by Dryden, in a preface which he prefixed to it.

"I was not ignorant," ſays that great critic, "that he was naturally ingenious, and that he had improved himſelf by travelling; and from that I might reaſonably have expected that air of gallantry which is ſo viſibly diffuſed through the body of the work, and is indeed the ſoul that animates all things of this nature. But ſo much variety of reading, both in ancient and modern authors, ſuch digeſtion of that reading, ſo much juſtneſs of thought, that it leaves no room for affectation or pedantry, I may venture to ſay, are not over common among practiſed writers, and very rarely to be found among beginners."

In 1692 he publiſhed a *Collection of Letters and Poems, amorous and gallant*—Dr. Johnſon ſtamps a value on the preface, prefixed by Walſh to his collection, in ſaying it is a very judicious preface upon epiſtolary compoſition and amorous poetry. Our author certainly preſents a very candid and judicious ſtatement of the comparative merits of the ancient and modern writers on theſe ſubjects, and, with great judgment, awards the palm to the former, as more attentive to the genuine dictates of nature, and leſs impreſſed by maxims of faſhion than the laws of truth.

In 1697, he wrote an *Eſſay on Paſtoral Poetry*, with a ſhort defence of Virgil againſt ſome of the reflections of Fontenelle, which is prefixed to Dryden's Tranſla-

tion

tion of Virgil's Paſtorals. A ſmall poſthumous piece of his compoſition, entitled *Æſculapius, or the Hoſpital of Fools*, in imitation of Lucian, was printed in 1749.

His poems were reprinted among the works of the minor poets, in two volumes, duodecimo, in 1714. They conſiſt chiefly of Elegies, Epigrams, Odes, and Songs, which are, in general, pleaſing and elegant.

Of his merit in elegiac compoſition, we think the following lines from his elegy to his miſtreſs on the "Power of Verſe," a very ſufficient proof.

While thoſe bright eyes ſubdue where'er you will,
And as you pleaſe, can either ſave or kill;
What youth ſo bold, the conqueſt to deſign?
What wealth ſo great, to purchaſe hearts like thine?
None but the Muſe that privilege can claim,
And what you give in love, return in fame.
Riches and titles, with your life muſt end,
Nay, cannot e'en in life your fame defend?
Verſe can give fame, can fading beauties ſave,
And, after death, redeem them from the grave;
Embalm'd in verſe, thro' diſtant times they come,
Preſerv'd like bees, within an amber tomb.

There is much point, as well as truth, in his little Epigram on LOVE and JEALOUSY.

How much are they deceiv'd who vainly ſtrive,
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive!
Love's like a torch, which, if ſecur'd from blaſts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer laſts:
Expos'd to ſtorms of jealouſy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis ſooner out.

His *Golden Age Reſtored*, in imitation of the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, is replete with humour, and exhibits ſome of the leading political characters of his day, in a very ludicrous point of view.

Now all our factions, all our fears ſhall ceaſe,
And Tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
Malice ſhall die, and noxious poiſons fail,
Harley ſhall ceaſe to trick, and Seymour ceaſe to rail;
The lambs ſhall with the lions walk unhurt,
And Halifax and Howe meet civilly at court.

Viceroys, like providence, with diſtant care,
Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
Pacific Admirals, to ſave the fleet,
Shall fly from conqueſt, and ſhall conqueſt meet:
Commanders ſhall be prais'd at William's coſt,
And honour be retriev'd before 'tis loſt.

In his Ode in imitation of Horace, he pays ſome well turned compliments to King William, on the ſalutary effects of the glorious Revolution.

Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal
I come, the wounded heart to heal,
The wounded hand to bind:
See tools of arbitrary ſway,
And prieſts, like locuſts, ſcout away
Before the weſtern wind.

Law ſhall again her force reſume;
Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,
With brighter rays advance;
The Britiſh fleet ſhall rule the deep,
The Britiſh youth, as rous'd from ſleep,
Strike terror into France.

Of all the different ſpecies of poetry none is more adapted to engage the mind and captivate the fancy than the Paſtoral, the beauty of which conſiſts in an elegant ſimplicity. Hence we are induced to think the critics have not done that juſtice to our author to which we conceive him entitled from his Paſtoral Eclogues, as they abound with the moſt ſimple, yet elegant deſcriptions. What can be more pleaſing than the following plaintive lines in his fifth Eclogue, in which he laments the loſs of a female friend?

Ye gentle ſwains, who paſs your days and nights
In love's ſincere and innocent delights!
Ye tender virgins, who with pride diſplay
Your beauty's ſplendour, and extend your ſway!
Lament with me! with me your ſorrows join!
And mingle your united tears with mine!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more.

Begin my Muſe! begin your mournful ſtrains,
Tell the ſad tale through all the hills and plains.

Tell

Tell it through every lawn and every grove,
Where flocks can wander, or where ſh pherds rove.
Bid n ighbouring rivers tell the diſtant ſea,
And winds from pole to pole the news convey
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore,
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more,

'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muſe,
See hills and plains and winds have heard the news.
The foaming ſea o'erwhelms the frighten'd ſhore,
The vallies tremble and the mountains roar.
See lofty oaks from firm foundations torn,
And ſtately towers in heaps of ruin mourn.
The gentle Thames, that rarely paſſion knows,
Swells with this ſorrow, and her banks o'erflows.
What ſhrieks are heard, what groans, what dying cries?
Ev'n nature's ſelf in dire convulſions lies!
Delia, the Queen of Love, they all deplore,
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more.

Having ſubmitted theſe ſpecimens of our authors poetical talents to the judgment of the reader, we ſhall conclude with Dr. Johnſon's conciſe account of him. "He is known more by his familiarity with great men, than by any thing done or written by himſelf. In all his writings there are pleaſing paſſages. He has however more elegance than vigour, and ſeldom riſes higher than to be pretty."

PREFACE.

IT has been ſo uſual among modern authors to write prefaces, that a man is thought rude to his reader, who does not give him ſome previous account of what he is to expect in the book.

The greateſt part of this collection conſiſts of amorous verſes. Thoſe who are converſant with the writings of the ancients, will obſerve a great difference between what they and the moderns have publiſhed upon this ſubject. The occaſions upon which the poems of the former are written, are ſuch as happen to every man almoſt that is in love; and the thoughts ſuch as are natural for every man in love to think. The moderns, on the other hand, have ſought out for occaſions that none meet with but themſelves; and fill their verſes with thoughts that are ſurpriſing and glittering, but not tender, paſſionate, or natural to a man in love.

To judge which of theſe two are in the right, we ought to conſider the end that people propoſe in writing love verſes; and that I take not to be the acquiring fame or admiration from the world, but the obtaining the love of their miſtreſs; and the beſt way I conceive to make her love you, is to covince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced conceits, far-fetched ſimilies, and ſhining points; but by a true and lively repreſentation of the pains and thoughts attending ſuch a paſſion.

" ——*Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt*
" *Primum ipſi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent.*"

I would as ſoon believe a widow in great grief for her huſband, becauſe I ſaw her dance a corant about his coffin, as believe a man in love with his miſtreſs for his writing ſuch verſes as ſome great modern wits have done upon their's.

I am ſatisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, were in love with their miſtreſſes, while they

they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forſwear them; but I confeſs I cannot believe Petrarch in love with his, when he writes conceits upon her name, her gloves, and the place of her birth. I know it is natural for a lover, in tranſports of jealouſy, to treat his miſtreſs with all the violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a man, who is much in love, to amuſe himſelf with ſuch trifles as the other. I am pleaſed with Tibullus, when he ſays, he could live in a deſart with his miſtreſs, where never any human footſteps appeared, becauſe I doubt not but he really thinks what he ſays; but I confeſs, I can hardly forbear laughing, when Petrarch tells us, he could live without any other ſuſtenance than his miſtreſs's looks. I can very eaſily believe, a man may love a woman ſo well, as to deſire no company but her's; but I can never believe a man can love a woman ſo well, as to have no need of meat and drink, if he may look upon her. The firſt is a thought ſo natural for a lover, that there is no man really in love but thinks the ſame thing; the other is not the thought of a man in love, but of a man who would impoſe upon us with a pretended love, (and that indeed very groſsly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endleſs to purſue this point; and any man who will but give himſelf the trouble to compare what the ancients and moderns have ſaid upon the ſame occaſions, will ſoon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have choſen to mention Petrarch only, as being by much the moſt famous of all the moderns who have written love-verſes: and it is, indeed, the great reputation which he has obtained, that has given encouragement to this falſe ſort of wit in the world: for people, ſeeing the great credit he had, and has indeed to this day, not only in Italy, but over all Europe, have ſatisfied themſelves with the imitation of him, never inquiring whether the way he took was right or not. There

There are no modern writers, perhaps, who have ſucceeded better in love verſes than the Engliſh; and it is indeed juſt, that the faireſt ladies ſhould inſpire the beſt poets. Never was there a more copious fancy, or greater reach of wit than what appears in Dr. Donne; nothing can be more gallant or genteel, than the poems of Mr. Waller; nothing more gay or ſprightly, than thoſe of Sir John Suckling; and nothing abounding with more variety and learning, than Mr. Cowleys. However, it may be obſerved, that among all theſe, that tenderneſs and violence of paſſion which the ancients thought moſt proper for love verſes is wanting; and, at the ſame time that we muſt allow Dr. Donne to have been a very great wit, Mr. Waller a very gallant writer, Sir John Suckling a very gay one, and Mr. Cowley a great genius, yet, I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great lover. And it grieves me, that the ancients, who could never have handſomer women than we have, ſhould, nevertheleſs, be ſo much more in love than we are. But it is probable the great reaſon of this may be the cruelty of our ladies; for a man muſt be imprudent indeed to let his paſſion take very deep root, when he has no reaſon to expect any ſort of return to it. And if it be ſo, there ought to be a petition preſented to the fair, that they would be pleaſed ſometimes to abate a little of their rigour for the propagation of good verſe. I do not mean that they ſhould confer their favours upon none but men of wit, that indeed would be too great a confinement; but that they would admit them upon a par with other people; and if they pleaſe now and then to make the experiment, I fancy they will find entertainment enough from the very variety of it.

There are three ſorts of poems that are proper for love: paſtorals, elegies, and lyric verſes; under which laſt, I comprehend all ſongs, odes, ſonnets, madigrals, and ſtanzas. Of all theſe, paſtoral is the loweſt, and, upon that account, perhaps moſt proper for love; ſince it is the nature of that paſſion to render the ſoul

ſoft and humble. Theſe three ſorts of poems ought to differ, not only in their numbers, but in the deſigns, and in every idea of them. Though we have no difference between the verſes of paſtoral and elegy in the modern languages, yet the numbers of the firſt ought to be looſer, and not ſo ſonorous as the other; the thoughts more ſimple, more eaſy, and more humble. The deſign ought to be the repreſenting the life of a ſhepherd, not only by talking of ſheep and fields, but by ſhewing us the truth, ſincerity, and innocence that accompanies that ſort of life; for though I know our maſters, Theocritus and Virgil, have not always conformed in this point of innocence, Theocritus, in his Daphnis, having made his love too wanton, and Virgil, in his Alexis, placed his paſſion upon a boy, yet if we may be allowed to cenſure thoſe whom we muſt always reverence, I take both theſe things to be faults in their poems, and ſhould have been better pleaſed with the Alexis, if it had been made to a woman; and with the Daphnis, if he had made his ſhepherds more modeſt. When I repreſent humility and modeſty as the character of paſtoral, it is not, however, but that a ſhepherd may be allowed to boaſt of his pipe, his ſongs, his flocks, and to ſhew a contempt of his rival, as we ſee both Theocritus and Virgil do. But this muſt be ſtill in ſuch a manner, as if the occaſion offered itſelf, and was not ſought, and proceeded rather from the violence of the ſhepherd's paſſion, than any natural pride or malice in him.

There ought to be the ſame difference obſerved between paſtorals and elegies, as between the life of the country and the court. In the firſt, love ought to be repreſented as among ſhepherds, in the other, as among gentlemen. They ought to be ſmooth, clear, tender, and paſſionate. The thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated, than in paſtoral. The paſſions they repreſent, either more gallant or more violent, and leſs innocent than the others. The ſubjects of them, prayers, praiſes, expoſtulations, quarrels, reconcilements,

reconcilements, threatenings, jealouſies, and, in fine all the natural effects of love.

Lyrics may be allowed to treat on all the ſame ſubjects with elegy, but to do it, however, in a different manner. An elegy ought to be ſo entirely one thing, and every verſe ought ſo to depend upon the other, that they ſhould not be able to ſubſiſt alone; or, to make uſe of the words of a great modern critic*, there muſt be

"——a juſt coherence made
"Between each thought, and the whole model laid,
"So right, that every ſtep may higher riſe,
"Like goodly mountains, till they reach the ſkies."

Lyrics, on the other hand, though they ought to make one body as well as the other, yet may conſiſt of parts that are entire of themſelves. It being a rule in modern languages, that every ſtanza ought to make up a complete ſenſe, without running into the other. Frequent ſentences, which are accounted faults in elegies, are beauties here. Beſides this, Malherbe, and the French poets after him, have made it a rule, in the ſtanzas of ſix lines, to make a pauſe at the third, and in thoſe of ten lines, at the third and the ſeventh. And, it muſt be confeſſed, that this exactneſs renders them much more muſical and harmonious; though they have not always been ſo ſcrupulous in obſerving the latter rule as the former.

But I am engaged in a very vain, or a very fooliſh deſign: thoſe who are critics, it would be a preſumption in me to pretend I could inſtruct; and to inſtruct thoſe who are not, at the ſame time I write myſelf, is (if I may be allowed to apply another man's ſimile) like ſelling arms to an enemy in time of war: though there ought, perhaps, to be more indulgence ſhewn to things of love and gallantry than any others, becauſe they are generally written when people are young, and intended for ladies who are not ſuppoſed to be very old; and all young people, eſpecially of the fair ſex,

* Lord Mulgrave.

are more captivated with the livelineſs of fancy, than the correctneſs of judgment. It may be alſo obſerved, that to write of love well, a man muſt be really in love; and to correct his writing well, he muſt be out of love again. I am well enough ſatisfied I may be in circumſtances of writing of love, but I am almoſt in deſpair of ever being in circumſtances of correcting it. This I hope may be a reaſon for the fair and the young to paſs over ſome of the faults; and as for the grave and wiſe, all the favour I ſhall beg of them is, that they will not read them. Things of this nature are calculated only for the former. If love-verſes work upon the ladies, a man will not trouble himſelf with what the critics ſay of them; and if they do not, all the commendations the critics can give them will make but very little amends. All I ſhall ſay for theſe trifles is, that I pretend not to vie with any man whatſoever. I doubt not but there are ſeveral now living who are able to write better on all ſubjects than I am upon any one; but I will be bold to ſay, that there is no one man among them all, readier to acknowledge his own faults, or to do juſtice to the merits of other people.

MISCELLANIES.

TO HIS BOOK.

GO, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart:
Thoſe who love's dear deluding pains have known,
May in my fatal ſtories read their own.
Thoſe who have liv'd from all its torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, by me.
Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded bait,
And, warn'd by my example, ſhun my fate:
While with calmjoy, ſafe landed on the coaſt,
I view the waves on which I once was toſt.
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suſpicions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars,
Then peace again. Oh! would it not be beſt
To chaſe the fatal poiſon from our breaſt?
But, ſince ſo few can live from paſſion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,
Who with ſuch lucky ſtars begins his love,
That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
Ill-grounded paſſions quickly wear away;
What's built upon eſteem can ne'er decay.

JEALOUSY.

WHO could more happy, who more bleſt could live,
Than they whom kind, whom am'rous paſſions move?
What crowns, what empires, greater joys could give,
Than the ſoft chains, the ſlavery of love?
Were not the bliſs too often croſt
By that unhappy vile diſtruſt,
That gnawing doubt, and anxious fear, that dangerous malady,
That terrible tormenting rage, that madneſs, jealouſy.

II.

In vain Celinda boaſts ſhe has been true,
In vain ſhe ſwears ſhe keeps untouch'd her charms;

Dire Jealouſy does all my pains renew,
And repreſents her in my rival's arms:
His ſighs I hear, his looks I view,
I ſee her damn'd advances too;
I ſee her ſmile, I ſee her kiſs, and, oh! methinks I ſee
Her give up all thoſe joys to him, ſhe ſhould reſerve for me.

III.

Ungrateful fair one! canſt thou hear my groans?
Canſt thou behold theſe tears that fill my eyes?
And yet unmov'd by all my pains, my moans,
Into another's arms reſign my prize;
If merit could not gain your love,
My ſufferings might your pity move;
Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous frenzies,
New pangs to one whom hopeleſs love had plagu'd too much before.

IV.

Think not, falſe nymph, my fury to out-ſtorm;
I ſcorn your anger, and deſpiſe your frown:
Dreſs up your rage in its moſt hideous form,
It will not move my heart when love is flown;
No, though you from my kindneſs fly,
My vengeance you ſhall ſatisfy:
The muſe that would have ſung your praiſe ſhall now aloud proclaim
To the malicious ſpiteful world your infamy and ſhame.

V.

Ye Gods! ſhe weeps; behold that falling ſhower!
See how her eyes are quite diſſolv'd in tears!
Can ſhe in vain that precious torrent pour?
Oh, no, it bears away my doubts and fears:
'Twas pity ſure that made it flow:
For the ſame pity ſtop it now!
For ev'ry charming heavenly drop that from thoſe eyes does part,
Is paid with ſtreams of blood that guſh from my o'er-flowing heart.

VI.

Yes, I will love, I will believe you true,
And raiſe my paſſions up as high as e'er;

Nay, I'll believe you falſe, yet love you too,
Let the leaſt ſign of penitence appear.
I'll frame excuſes for your fault,
Think you ſurpris'd, or meanly caught;
Nay, in the fury, in the height of that abhor'd embrace,
Believe you thought, believe, at leaſt, you wiſh'd me in the place.

VII.

Oh, let me lie whole ages in thoſe arms,
And on that boſom lull aſleep my cares;
Forgive thoſe fooliſh fears of fancy'd harms
That ſtab my ſoul while they but move thy tears;
And think, unleſs I lov'd thee ſtill,
I had not treated thee ſo ill;
For theſe rude pangs of jealouſy are much more certain ſigns
Of love than all the tender words an am'rous fancy coins.

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid rage no more:
Oh ſmile, and grant one reconciling kiſs!
Ye Gods, ſhe's kind! I'm ecſtaſy all o'er!
My ſoul's too narrow to contain the bliſs.
Thou pleaſing torture of my breaſt,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my reſt,
Since both the ill and good you do, alike my peace deſtroy;
That kills me with exceſs of grief, this with exceſs of joy.

CURE OF JEALOUSY.

WHAT tortures can there be in hell,
Compar'd to what fond lovers feel,
When doating on ſome fair one's charms,
They think ſhe yields them to their rival's arms.

As lions, though they once were tame,
Yet, if ſharp wounds their rage inflame,
Lift up their ſtormy voices, roar,
And tear the keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the lover, when his breaſt
By jealous frenzy is poſſeſt;
Forſwears the nymph for whom he burns,
Yet ſtraight to her whom he forſwears returns.

But when the fair reſolves his doubt,
The love comes in, the fear goes out;
The cloud of jealouſy's diſpell'd,
And the bright ſun of innocence reveal'd.

With what ſtrange raptures is he bleſt!
Raptures too great to be expreſt.
Though hard the torment's to endure,
Who would not have the ſickneſs for the cure.

SONNET.

DEATH.

WHAT has this bugbear Death that's worth our care?
After a life in pain and ſorrow paſt,
After deluding hope and dire deſpair,
Death only gives us quiet at the laſt.

How ſtrangely are our love and hate miſplac'd!
Freedoom we ſeek, and yet from freedom flee;
Courting thoſe tyrant ſins that chain us faſt,
And ſhunning death that only ſets us free.

(Why ſhould they fear who keep their ſouls from ſtains?)
'Tis not a fooliſh fear of future pains,
That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to ſee:
'Tis not the loſs of riches or of fame,
Or the vain toys the vulgar pleaſures name:
'Tis nothing, Celia, but the loſing thee.

THE ANTIDOTE.

WHEN I ſee the bright nymph who my heart does enthral,
When I view her ſoft eyes and her languiſhing air,
Her merit ſo great, my own merit ſo ſmall,
It makes me adore, and it makes me deſpair.

But when I conſider, ſhe ſquanders on fools
All thoſe treaſures of beauty with which ſhe is ſtor'd,
My fancy it damps, my paſſion it cools,
And it makes me deſpiſe what before I ador'd.

Thus ſometimes I deſpair, and ſometimes I deſpiſe:
I love, and I hate, but I never eſteem:
The paſſion grows up when I view her bright eyes,
Which my rival's deſtroy when I look upon them.

How wiſely does Nature things ſo diff'rent unite!
In ſuch odd compoſitions our ſafety is found;
As the blood of a ſcorpion's a cure for the bite,
So her folly makes whole whom her beauty does wound.

UPON A FAVOUR OFFERED.

CELIA, too late you would repent;
The offering all your ſtore
Is now but like a pardon ſent
To one that's dead before.

While at the firſt you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliſs too late,
You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When firſt my court I made;
But when your falſhoods plain appear
My love no longer ſtay'd.

Your bounty of thoſe favours ſhewn,
Whoſe worth you firſt deface,
Is melting valued medals down,
And giving us the braſs.

Oh, ſince the thing we beg's a toy
That's pris'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy
Before our love is gone.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

BEGONE, ye ſighs! begone, ye tears!
Begone, ye jealouſies and fears!
Celinda ſwears ſhe never lov'd;
Celinda ſwears none ever mov'd
Her heart, but I: If this be true,
Shall I keep company with you?
What though a ſenſeleſs rival ſwore
She ſaid as much to him before?
What though I ſaw him in her bed?
I'll truſt not what I ſaw, but what ſhe ſaid.
Curſe on the prudent and the wiſe,
Who ne'er believe ſuch pleaſing lies.
I grant ſhe only does deceive;
I grant 'tis folly to believe;
But by this folly I vaſt pleaſures gain,
While you, with all your wiſdom, live in pain.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LOVER AND HIS FRIEND.

[*Irregular Verſes.*]

FRIEND.

VALUE thyſelf, fond youth, no more,
On favours Mulus had before;
He had her firſt, her virgin flame,
You like a bold intruder came
To the cold relics of a feaſt,
When he at firſt had ſeiz'd the beſt.

LOVER.

When he, dull ſot, had ſeiz'd the worſe,
I came in at the ſecond courſe:
'Tis chance that firſt makes people love;
Judgment their riper fancies move.
Mulus, you ſay, firſt charm'd her eyes:
Firſt ſhe lov'd babies, and dirt pies;
But ſhe grew wiſer, and in time
Found out the folly of thoſe toys and him.

FRIEND.

If wiſdom change in love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wond'rous wits:
But wiſdom, that now makes her change to you,
In time will make her change to others too.

LOVER.

I grant you no man can foreſee his doom:
But ſhall I grieve becauſe an ill may come?
Yet I'll allow her change, when ſhe can ſee
A man deſerves her more than me,
As much as I deſerve her more than he.

FRIEND.

Did they with our own eyes ſee our deſert,
No woman e'er could from her lover part.
But, oh! they ſee not with their own:
All things to them are through falſe optics ſhewn.
Love at the firſt does all your charms increaſe,
When the tube's turn'd, hate repreſents them leſs.

LOVER.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve
For dangers that I can't believe.
She'll ne'er ceaſe loving me; or, if ſhe do,
'Tis ten to one I ceaſe to love her too.

THE FAIR MOURNER.

IN what ſad pomp the mournful charmer lies?
Does ſhe lament the victim of her eyes?
Or would ſhe hearts with ſoft compaſſion move,
To make them take the deeper ſtamp of love?
What youth ſo wiſe, ſo wary to eſcape,
When Rigour comes, dreſt up in Pity's ſhape?
Let not in vain thoſe precious tears be ſhed,
Pity the dying, fair one, not the dead;
While you unjuſtly of the Fates complain,
I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
Each to relentleſs judges make their moan;
Blame not death's cruelty, but ceaſe your own.
While raging paſſion both our ſouls does wound,
A ſov'reign balm might ſure for both be found;
Would you but wipe your fruitleſs tears away,
And with a juſt compaſſion mine ſurvey.

TO HIS MISTRESS,

Againſt Marriage,

YES, all the world muſt ſure agree,
He who's ſecur'd of having thee
Will be entirely bleſt:
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been ſo long
My queen, my ſlave at laſt.

Nor ought thoſe things to be confin'd,
That were for public good deſign'd:
Could we, in fooliſh pride,
Make the ſun always with us ſtay,
'Twould burn our corn and graſs away,
To ſtarve the world beſide.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
Two ſouls, which paſſion does unite;
For while our love does laſt,
Neither will ſtrive to go away;
And why the devil ſhould we ſtay,
When once that love is paſt?

TO CÆLIA,

Upon ſome Alterations in her Face.

AH, Cælia! where are now the charms
That did ſuch wondrous paſſions move?
Time, cruel Time, thoſe eyes diſarms,
And blunts the feeble darts of Love.

What malice does the tyrant bear
To women's intereſt, and to ours?
Beauties in which the public ſhare,
The greedy villain firſt devours.

Who, without tears, can ſee a prince
That trains of fawning courtiers had
Abandon'd, left without defence?
Nor is thy hapleſs fate leſs ſad.

Thou, who ſo many fools haſt known,
And all the fools would hardly do,

Shouldſt now confine thyſelf to one!
And he, alas! a huſband too.

See the ungrateful ſlaves, how faſt
They from thy ſetting glories run;
And in what mighty crowds they haſte
To worſhip Flavia's riſing ſun!

In vain are all the practis'd wiles,
In vain thoſe eyes would love impart;
Not all th' advances, all the ſmiles,
Can move one unrelenting heart.

While Flavia, charming Flavia, ſtill
By cruelty her cauſe maintains,
And ſcarce vouchſafes a careleſs ſmile
To the poor ſlaves that wear her chains.

Well, Cælia, let them waſte their tears;
But ſure they will in time repine,
That thou haſt not a face like hers,
Or ſhe has not a heart like thine.

THE RETIREMENT.

ALL hail, ye fields, where conſtant peace attends!
All hail, ye ſacred ſolitary groves!
All hail, ye books, my true, my real friends,
Whoſe converſation pleaſes and improves!

Could one who ſtudy'd your ſublimer rules,
Become ſo mad to ſearch for joys abroad?
To run to towns, to herd with knaves and fools,
And undiſtinguiſh'd paſs among the crowd?

One to ambitious fancy's made a prey,
Thinks happineſs in great preferment lies;
Nor fears for that his country to betray,
Curſt by the fools, and laught at by the wiſe.

Others, whom avaricious thoughts bewitch,
Conſume their time to multiply their gains;
And fancying wretched all that are not rich,
Neglect the end of life to get the means.

Others the name of pleaſure does invite:
All their dull time in ſenſual joys they live,
And hope to gain that ſolid, firm delight,
By vice, which innocence alone can give.

But how perplext, alas! is human fate!
I, whom nor avarice nor pleaſure move,
Who view with ſcorn the trophies of the great,
Yet muſt myſelf be made a ſlave to love.

If this dire paſſion never will be gone,
If beauty always muſt my heart enthral,
Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one,
Than madly thus be made a prey to all!

One who has early known the pomps of ſtate
(For things unknown 'tis ignorance to condemn);
And after having view'd the gaudy bait,
Can boldly ſay, the trifle I contemn.

In her bleſt arms, contented could I live,
Contented could I die; but oh! my mind
I feed with fancies, and my thoughts deceive,
With hope of things impoſſible to find.

In women how ſhould ſenſe and beauty meet?
The wiſeſt men their youth and folly ſpend:
The beſt is he that earlieſt finds the cheat,
And ſees his errors while there's time to mend.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

DISTRACTED with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Reſolves in deſpair
No longer to languiſh,
Nor bear ſo much anguiſh;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would ſoon finiſh his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how ſteep
The ſides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And ſadly reflecting,
That a lover forſaken
A new love may get,
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be ſet;
And that he could die
Whenever he would;
But that he could live
But as long as he could:
How grievous ſoever
The torment might grow,
He ſcorn'd to endeavour
To finiſh it ſo.
But bold, unconcern'd,
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

PHILLIS'S RESOLUTION.

WHEN ſlaves their liberty require,
They hope no more to gain,
But you not only that deſire
But aſk the power to reign.

II.

Think how unjuſt a ſuit you make,
Then you will ſoon decline;
Your freedom, when you pleaſe, pray take,
But treſpaſs not on mine.

III.

No more in vain, Alcander, crave,
I ne'er will grant the thing
That he who once has been my ſlave
Should ever be my king.

AN EPISTLE

TO A LADY WHO HAD RESOLVED AGAINST MARRIAGE.

MADAM, I cannot but congratulate
Your reſolution for a ſingle ſtate;
Ladies, who would live undiſturb'd and free,
Muſt never put on Hymen's livery:
Perhaps its outſide ſeems to promiſe fair,
But underneath is nothing elſe but care.
If once you let the Gordian knot be ty'd,
Which turns the name of virgin into bride;
That one fond act your life's beſt ſcene foregoes,
And leads you in a labyrinth of woes,
Whoſe ſtrange meanders you may ſearch about,
But never find the clue to let you out.
The married life affords you little eaſe,
The beſt of huſbands is ſo hard to pleaſe:
This in wives' careful faces you may ſpell,
Though they diſſemble their misfortunes well.
No plague's ſo great as an ill-ruling head,
Yet 'tis a fate which few young ladies dread:
For Love's inſinuating fire they fan,
With ſweet ideas of a god-like man.
Chloris and Phyllis glory'd in their ſwains,
And ſung their praiſes on the neighbouring plains;
Oh! they were brave, accompliſh'd, charming men,
Angels till marry'd, but proud devils then.
Sure ſome reſiſtleſs power with Cupid ſides,
Or we ſhould have more virgins, fewer brides;
For ſingle lives afford the moſt content,
Secure and happy, as they're innocent:
Bright as Olympus, crown'd with endleſs eaſe,
And calm as Neptune on the Halcyon ſeas:
Your ſleep is broke with no domeſtic cares,
No bawling children to diſturb your prayers;
No parting ſorrows to extort your tears,
No bluſtering huſband to renew your fears!

Therefore, dear madam, let a friend adviſe,
Love and its idle deity deſpiſe:
Suppreſs wild Nature, if it dares rebel;
There's no ſuch thing as "leading apes in hell."

CLELIA TO URANIA.

AN ODE.

THE diſmal regions which no ſun beholds,
Whilſt his fires roll ſome diſtant world to cheer,
Which in dry darkneſs, froſt, and chilling cold,
Spend one long portion of the dragging year,
At his returning influence never knew
More joy than Clelia, when ſhe thinks of you.

II.

Thoſe zealots, who adore the riſing ſun,
Would ſoon their darling deity deſpiſe,
And with more warm, more true devotion run,
To worſhip nobler beams, Urania's eyes;
Had they beheld her lovely form divine,
Where rays more glorious, more attracting, ſhine.

III.

But, ah! frail mortals, though you may admire
At a convenient diſtance all her charms,
Approach them, and you'll feel a raging fire,
Which ſcorches deep, and all your power diſarms:
Thus, like th' Arabian bird, your care proceeds
From the bright object which your pleaſure breeds.

LOVING ONE I NEVER SAW.

THOU tyrant God of Love, give o'er,
And perſecute this breaſt no more:
Ah! tell me why muſt every dart
Be aim'd at my unhappy heart?
I never murmur'd or repin'd,
But patiently myſelf reſign'd
To all the torments, which through thee
Have fell, alas! on wretched me:
But Oh! I can no more ſuſtain
This long continued ſtate of pain,
Though 'tis but fruitleſs to complain.
My heart, firſt ſoften'd by thy power,
Ne'er kept its liberty an hour:
So fond and eaſy was it grown,
Each nymph might call the fool her own:
So much to its own intereſt blind,
So ſtrangely charm'd to womankind,
That it more belong'd to me,
Than veſtal-virgins hearts to thee.
I often courted it to ſtay;
But, deaf to all, 'twould fly away.
In vain to ſtop it I eſſay'd,
Though often, often, I diſplay'd
The turns and doubles women made.
Nay more, when it has home return'd,
By ſome proud maid ill us'd and ſcorn'd,
I ſtill the renegade careſt,
And gave it harbour in my breaſt.
O! then, with indignation fir'd
At what before it ſo admir'd;
With ſhame and ſorrow overcaſt,
And ſad repentance for the paſt,
A thouſand ſacred oaths it ſwore
Never to wander from me more;
After chimeras ne'er to rove,
Or run the wild-gooſe chaſe of love.
Thus it reſolv'd———

Till ſome new face again betray'd
The reſolutions it had made:
Then how 'twould flutter up and down,
Eager, impatient, to be gone;
And, though ſo often it had fail'd,
Though vainleſs every heart aſſail'd,
Yet, lur'd by hope of new delight,
It took again its fatal flight.
'Tis thus, malicious deity,
That thou haſt banter'd wretched me:
Thus made me vainly loſe my time,
Thus fool away my youthful prime!
And yet, for all the hours I've loſt,
And ſighs, and tears, thy bondage coſt,
Ne'er did thy ſlave thy favours bleſs,
Or crown his paſſion with ſucceſs.
Well—ſince 'tis doom'd that I muſt find
No love for love from womankind;
Since I no pleaſure muſt obtain,
Let me at leaſt avoid the pain:
So weary of the chace I'm grown,
That with content I'd ſit me down,
Enjoy my book, my friend, my cell,
And bid all womankind farewel.
Nay, aſk, for all I felt before,
Only to be diſturb'd no more.
Yet thou (to my complainings deaf)
Will give my torments no relief;
But now, e'en now, thou mak'ſt me die,
And love I know not whom, nor why,
In every part I feel the fire,
And burn with fanciful deſire;
From whence can love its magic draw?
I doat on her *I never ſaw*:
And who, but lovers, can expreſs
This ſtrange, myſterious tenderneſs?
And yet methinks, 'tis happier ſo,
Than whom it is I love to know:
Now my unbounded notions rove,
And frame ideas to my love.

I fancy I ſhould ſomething find,
Diviner both in face and mind,
Than ever nature did beſtow
On any creature here below.
I fancy thus Corinna walks,
That thus ſhe ſings, ſhe looks, ſhe talks,
Sometimes I ſigh, and fancy then,
That, did Corinna know my pain,
Could ſhe my trickling tears but ſee,
She would be kind, and pity me.
Thus thinking I've no cauſe to grieve,
I pleaſingly myſelf deceive;
And ſure am happier far than he
Who knows the very truth can be.
Then, gentle Cupid, let me ne'er
See my imaginary fair:
Leſt ſhe ſhould be more heavenly bright
Than can be reach'd by fancy's height:
Leſt (when I on her beauty gaze,
Confounded, loſt in an amaze;
My trembling lips and eyes ſhould tell,
'Tis her I dare to love ſo well;
She, with an angry, ſcornful eye,
Or ſome unkind, ſevere reply,
My hopes of bliſs ſhould overcaſt,
And my preſuming paſſion blaſt.
If but in this thou kind wilt prove,
And let me not ſee her I love,
Thy altars proſtrate I'll adore,
And call thee tyrant-god no more.

HORACE, ODE III. BOOK III.

IMITATED, 1705.

THE man that's reſolute and juſt,
Firm to his principles and truſt,
Nor hopes nor fears can blind;
No paſſions his deſigns control;
Not love, that tyrant of the ſoul,
Can ſhake his ſteady mind.

II.

Not parties for revenge engag'd,
Nor threatenings of a court enrag'd,
Nor ſtorms where fleets deſpair;
Not thunder pointed at his head;
The ſhatter'd world may ſtrike him dead,
Not touch his ſoul with fear.

III.

From this the Grecian glory roſe;
By this the Romans aw'd their foes;
Of this their poets ſing.
Theſe were the paths their heroes trod,
Theſe acts made Hercules a god;
And great Naſſau a king.

IV.

Firm on the rolling deck he ſtood,
Unmov'd beheld the breaking flood,
With blackening ſtorms combin'd.
"Virtue," he cry'd, "will force its way;
"The wind may for a while delay,
"Not alter our deſign.

V.

"The men whom ſelfiſh hopes inflame,
"Or vanity allures to fame,
"May be to fears betray'd:
"But here a church for ſuccour flies,
"Inſulted law expiring lies,
"And loudly calls for aid.

VI.

"Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal,
"I come, the wounded heart to heal,

" The wounding hand to bind:
" See tools of arbitrary ſway,
" And prieſts, like locuſts, ſcout away
" Before the Weſtern wind.

VII.

" Law ſhall again her force reſume;
" Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,
" With brighter rays advance.
" The Britiſh fleet ſhall rule the deep,
" The Britiſh youth, as rous'd from ſleep,
" Strike terror into France.

VIII.

" Nor ſhall theſe promiſes of fate
" Be limited to my ſhort date:
" When I from cares withdraw,
" Still ſhall the Britiſh ſceptre ſtand,
" Still flouriſh in a female hand,
" And to mankind give law.

IX.

" She ſhall domeſtic foes unite,
" Monarchs beneath her flags ſhall fight,
" Whole armies drag her chain:
" She ſhall loſt Italy reſtore,
" Shall make th' imperial eagle ſoar,
" And give a king to Spain.

X.

" But know, theſe promiſes are given,
" Theſe great rewards impartial heaven
" Does on theſe terms decree;
" That, ſtrictly puniſhing men's faults,
" You let their conſciences and thoughts
" Reſt abſolutely free.

XI.

" Let no falſe politics confine,
" In narrow bounds, your vaſt deſign
" To make mankind unite;
" Nor think it a ſufficient cauſe
" To puniſh man by penal laws,
" For not believing right.

XII.

" Rome, whoſe blind zeal deſtroys mankind;
" Rome's ſons ſhall your compaſſion find,
" Who ne'er compaſſion knew.
" By nobler actions their's condemn:
" For what has been reproach'd in them,
" Can ne'er be prais'd in you."

XIII.

Theſe ſubjects ſuit not with the lyre:
Muſe! to what height doſt thou aſpire,
Pretending to rehearſe
The thoughts of gods, and godlike kings?
Ceaſe, ceaſe to leſſen lofty things
By mean ignoble verſe.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED, 1703.

IN IMITATION OF THE FOURTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

Supposed to have been taken from a Sybilline Prophecy.

"---------- Paulo majora Canamus-"

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier flight;
Not all in trees and lowly shrubs delight:
Or if your rural shades you still pursue,
Make your shades fit for able stateman's view.

The time is come, by ancient Bards foretold;
Restoring the Saturnian age of gold;
The vile, degenerate, whiggish offspring ends,
A high-church progeny from heaven descends.
O learned Oxford, spare no sacred pains [reigns.
To nurse the glorious breed, now thy own Bromley
And thou, great Scarsdale, darling of this land,
Dost foremost in that fam'd commission stand;
Whose deep remarks the listening world admires,
By whose auspicious care old Ranelagh expires.
Your mighty genius no strict rules can bind;
You punish men for crimes, which you want time to find.
Senates shall now like holy synods be,
And holy synods senate-like agree.
Monmouth and Moyston here instruct the youth,
There Binks and Kimberley maintain the sacred truth.
Powis and Hamlin here, with equal claim,
Through wide West-Saxon realms extend their fame;
There Birch and Hooper right divine convey,
Nor treat their bishops in a human way.
Now all our factions, all our fears shall cease,
And Tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
Malice shall die, and noxious poisons fail,
Harley shall cease to trick, and Seynour cease to rail:
The lambs shall with the lions walk unhurt,
And Halifax and Howe meet civilly at court.

Viceroys, like Providence, with diſtant care,
Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
Pacific admirals, to ſave the fleet,
Shall fly from conqueſt, and ſhall conqueſt meet:
Commanders ſhall be prais'd at William's coſt,
And honour be retriev'd before 'tis loſt.
Brereton and Barnaby the court ſhall grace,
And Howe ſhall not diſdain to ſhare a place.
Forgotten Molyneux and Maſon now
Revive and ſhine again in Fox and Howe.
But as they ſtronger grow, and mend their ſtrain,
By choice examples of King Charles's reign:
Bold Bellaſis and Patriot D'Avenant then,
One ſhall employ the ſword, and one the pen;
Troops ſhall be led to plunder, not to fight,
The tool of faction ſhall to peace invite,
And foes to union be employ'd the kingdoms to unite.
Yet ſtill ſome whigs among the peers are found,
Like brambles flouriſhing in barren ground.
Somers maliciouſly employs his care
To make the lords the legiſlature ſhare.
Burnet declares how French dragooning roſe,
And biſhops perſecuting bills oppoſe:
Till Rocheſter's * cool temper ſhall be fir'd, [admir'd.
And North's and Nottingham's ſtrong reaſonings be
But when due time their councils ſhall mature,
And freſh removes have made the game ſecure;
When Somerſet and Devonſhire give place,
To Wyndham's Bradford, and to Richmond's grace,
Both converts great; when juſtice is refin'd,
And corporations garbled to their mind;
Then paſſive doctrines ſhall with glory riſe,
Before them hated moderation flies,
And Anti-chriſtian toleration dies.
Granville ſhall ceaſe the long expected chair,
Godolphin to ſome country ſeat repair;
Pembroke from all employments be debarr'd, [reward.
And Marlborough, for ancient crimes, receive his juſt

* Biſhop Sprat.

France, that this happy change ſo widely has begun,
Shall bleſs the great deſign, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Come on young James's friends, this is the time, come on;
Receive juſt honours, and ſurround the throne.
Boldly your loyal principles maintain,
Hedges now rules the ſtate, and Rooke the main.
Grimes is at hand the members to reward,
And troops are truſted to your own Gerhard.
The faithful club aſſembles at the Vine,
And French intrigues are broach'd o'er Engliſh wine.
Freely the ſenate the deſign proclaims,
Affronting William, and applauding James.
Good ancient members, with a ſolemn face,
Propoſe that ſafety give to order place;
And what they dare not openly diſſuade,
Is by expedients ineffectual made.
E'en Finch and Mulgrave, whom the court careſs,
Exalt its praiſes, but its power depreſs;
And, that impartial juſtice may be ſeen,
Confirm to friends what they refus'd the queen.
Biſhops, who moſt advanc'd good James's cauſe
In church and ſtate, now reap deſerv'd applauſe:
While thoſe who rather made the Tower their choice,
Are ſtyl'd unchriſtian by the nation's voice.
Avow'dly now St. David's cauſe they own,
And James's votes for ſimony atone.
Archbiſhop Kenn ſhall from Long-Leat be drawn,
While firm nonjurors from behind ſtand crowding for the lawn.
And thou, great Weymouth, to reward thy charge,
Shalt ſail to Lambeth in his grace's barge.
See by baſe rebels James the Juſt betray'd,
See his three realms by vile uſurpers ſway'd;
Then ſee with joy his lawful heir reſtor'd,
And erring nations own their injur'd lord.
O would kind heaven ſo long my life maintain,
Inſpiring raptures worthy ſuch a reign!
Not Thracian Saint John ſhould with me contend,
Nor my ſweet lays harmonious Hammond's mend:

Not though young D'Avenant, St. John ſhould protect
Or the ſhrewd Doctor, Hammond's lines correct,
Nay, ſhould Tredenham in Saint Mawes compare his
ſongs to mine,
Tredenham, though Saint Mawes were judge, his
laurel ſhould reſign.
Prepare, auſpicious youth, thy friends to meet;
Sir George * already has prepar'd the fleet.
Should rival Neptune (who with envious mind
In times of danger ſtill this chief confin'd)
Now ſend the gout, the hero to diſgrace,
Honeſt George Churchill may ſupply his place.

* Rooke.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY.

THE UNREWARDED LOVER.

LET the dull merchant curſe his angry fate,
And from the winds and waves his fortune wait;
Let the loud lawyer break his brains, and be
A ſlave to wrangling coxcombs for a fee:
Let the rough ſoldier fight his prince's foes,
And for a livelihood his life expoſe:
I wage no war, I plead no cauſe but Love's;
I fear no ſtorms but what Celinda moves.
And what grave cenſor can my choice deſpiſe?
But here, fair charmer, here the diff'rence lies;
The merchant, after all his hazards paſt,
Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at laſt;
The ſoldier high in his king's favour ſtands,
And after having long obey'd, commands;
The lawyer, to reward his tedious care,
Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar:
While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward.

ELEGY.

THE POWER OF VERSE.

To his Miſtreſs.

WHILE thoſe bright eyes ſubdue where'er you will
And, as you pleaſe, can either ſave or kill; [
What youth ſo bold the conqueſt to deſign?
What wealth ſo great to purchaſe hearts like thine?
None but the Muſe that privilege can claim;
And what you give in love, return in fame.
Riches and titles with your life muſt end;
Nay cannot, e'en in life, your fame defend;
Verſe can give fame, can fading beauties ſave,
And, after death, redeem them from the grave:
Enbalm'd in verſe, through diſtant times they come,
Preſerv'd, like bees, within an amber tomb.

Poets, (like monarchs on an eaſtern throne,
Reſtrain'd by nothing but their will alone)
Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
And, as they pleaſe, give infamy or fame.
In vain the Tyrian queen* reſigns her life,
For the bright glory of a ſpotleſs wife,
If lying bards may falſe amours rehearſe,
And blaſt her name with arbitrary verſe;
† While one, who all the abſence of her lord
Had her wide courts with preſſing lovers ſtor'd,
Yet, by a poet grac'd, in deathleſs rhymes,
Stands a chaſte pattern to ſucceeding times.
With pity, then, the Muſe's friends ſurvey,
Nor think your favours there are thrown away;
Wiſely like ſeed on fruitful ſoil they're thrown,
To bring large crops of glory and renown:
For as the ſun, that in the marſhes breeds
Nothing but nauſeous and unwholeſome weeds,
With the ſame rays, on rich and pregnant earth,
To pleaſant flowers and uſeful fruits gives birth:
So favours caſt on fools get only ſhame,
On poets ſhed produce eternal fame;
Their gen'rous breaſts warm with a genial fire,
And more than all the muſes can inſpire.

* Dido. † Penelope.

ELEGY.

To his falſe Miſtreſs.

CELIA your tricks will now no longer paſs;
And I'm no more the fool that once I was.
I know my happier rival does obtain
All the vaſt bliſs for which I ſigh in vain.
Him, him you love, to me you uſe your art;
I had your looks, another had your heart:
To me you're ſick, to me of ſpies afraid;
He finds your ſickneſs gone, your ſpies betray'd:
I ſigh beneath your window all the night;
He in your arms poſſeſſes the delight.
I know you treat me thus, falſe fair, I do;
And, oh! what plagues me worſe, he knows it too;
To him my ſighs are told, my letters ſhewn,
And all my pains are his diverſion grown.
Yet, ſince you could ſuch horrid treaſons act,
I'm pleas'd you choſe out him to do the fact:
His vanity does for my wrongs atone,
And 'tis by that I have your falſehood known.
What ſhall I do! for, treated at this rate,
I muſt not love, and yet I cannot hate:
I hate the actions, but I love the face;
Oh! were thy virtue more, or beauty leſs!
I'm all confuſion, and my ſoul's on fire,
Torn by contending reaſon and deſire:
This bids me love, that bids me love give o'er;
One counſels beſt, the other pleaſes more.
I know I ought to hate you for your fault;
But, oh! I cannot do the thing I ought.
Canſt thou, mean wretch! canſt thou contented prove
With the cold relics of a rival's love?
Why did I ſee that face to charm my breaſt?
Or, having ſeen, why did I know the reſt?
Gods! if I have obey'd your juſt commands,
If I've deſerv'd ſome favour of your hands,
Make me that tame, that eaſy fool again,
And rid me of my knowledge and my pain:

And you, falſe fair! for whom ſo oft I've griev'd,
Pity a wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
Forſwear yourſelf for one who dies for you;
Vow, not a word of the whole charge was true;
But ſcandals all, and forgeries, deviſ'd
By a vain wretch neglected and deſpis'd.
I too will help to forward the deceit,
And, to my power, contribute to the cheat:
And thou, bold man, who think'ſt to rival me,
For thy preſumption I could pardon thee,
I could forgive thy lying in her arms,
I could forgive thy rifling all her charms:
But, oh! I never can forgive the tongue
That boaſts her favours, and proclaims my wrong.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHAT fury does diſturb my reſt?
What hell is this within my breaſt?
Now I abhor, and now I love;
And each an equal torment prove.
I ſee Celinda's cruelty,
I ſee ſhe loves all men but me,
I ſee her falſehood, ſee her pride,
I ſee ten thouſand faults beſide,
I ſee ſhe ſticks at nought that's ill;
Yet, oh ye powers! I love her ſtill.
Others on precipices run,
Which, blind with love, they cannot ſhun:
I ſee my danger, ſee my ruin;
Yet ſeek, yet court, my own undoing;
And each new reaſon I explore
To hate her, makes me love her more.

ELEGY.

THE PETITION.

In Imitation of Catullus.

IS there a pious pleaſure that proceeds
From contemplation of our virtuous deeds?
That all mean ſordid actions we deſpiſe,
And ſcorn to gain a throne by cheats and lies?
Thyrſis thou haſt ſure bleſſings laid in ſtore,
From thy juſt dealing in this curſt amour:
What honour can in words or deeds be ſhewn,
Which to the fair thou haſt not ſaid and done?
On her falſe heart they all are thrown away;
She only ſwears, more eas'ly to betray.
Ye pow'rs that know the many vows ſhe broke,
Free my juſt ſoul from this unequal yoke!
My love boils up, and like a raging flood,
Runs through my veins, and taints my vital blood.
I do not vainly beg ſhe may grow chaſte,
Or with an equal paſſion burn at laſt:
The one ſhe cannot practiſe though ſhe would;
And I contemn the other, though ſhe ſhould:
Nor aſk I vengeance on the perjur'd jilt;
'Tis puniſhment enough to have her guilt,
I beg but balſam for my bleeding breaſt,
Cure for my wounds, and from my labours reſt.

ELEGY.

Upon quitting his Miſtreſs.

I KNOW, Celinda, I have borne too long,
And by forgiving have increas'd my wrong;
Yet if there be a power in verſe to ſlack
Thy courſe in vice, or bring fled virtue back.
I'll undertake the taſk, howe'er ſo hard;
A generous action is its own reward.
Oh! were thy virtues equal to thy charms,
I'd fly from crowns to live within thoſe arms:
But who, oh! who can e'er believe thee juſt,
When ſuch known falſehoods have deſtroy'd all truſt?

Farewel, falſe fair! nor ſhall I longer ſtay:
Since we muſt part, why ſhould we thus delay?
Your love alone was what my ſoul could prize;
And miſſing that, can all the reſt deſpiſe:
Yet ſhould I not repent my follies paſt,
Could you take up, and grow reſerv'd at laſt:
'Twould pleaſe me, parted from your fatal charms,
To ſee you happy in another's arms.
Whatever threatenings fury might extort,
Oh fear not I ſhould ever do you hurt:
For though my former paſſion is remov'd,
I would not injure one I once had lov'd.
Adieu while thus I waſte my time in vain,
Sure there are maids I might entirely gain:
I'll ſearch for ſuch, and to the firſt that's true,
Reſign the heart ſo hardly freed from you.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM.

Written in a Lady's Table-Book.

WITH what ſtrange raptures would my ſoul be bleſt,
Were but her look an emblem of her breaſt!
As I from that all former marks efface.
And, uncontroll'd, put new ones in their place:
So might I chaſe all others from her heart,
And my own image in the ſtead impart.
But, ah! how ſhort the bliſs would prove, if he
Who ſeiz'd it next might do the ſame by me!

EPIGRAM.

LYCE.

GO, ſaid old Lyce, ſenſeleſs lover go,
And with ſoft verſes court the fair; but know,
With all thy verſes, thou canſt get no more
Than fools without one verſe have had before.
Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew;
And that which moſt enrag'd me, was, 'twas true.

EPIGRAM.

To his falſe Miſtreſs.

THOU ſaidſtthat I alone thy heart could move,
And that for me thou wouldſt abandon Jove.
I lov'd thee then, not with a love defil'd,
But as a father loves his only child.
I knowthee now, and though I fiercelier burn,
Thou art become the object of my ſcorn:
See what thy falſehood gets: I muſt confeſs
I love thee more, but I eſteem thee leſs.

EPIGRAM.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

HOW much are they deceiv'd who vainly ſtrive
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive!
Love's like a torch, which, if ſecur'd from blaſts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer laſts
Expos'd to ſtorms of jealouſy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis ſooner out. 6

EPIGRAM.

CHLOE.

CHLOE, new marry'd, looks on men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what ſhe look'd before.

EPIGRAM.

CORNUS.

CORNUS proclaims aloud his wife's a whore:
Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
Wert thou no cuckold, we might make thee one:
But being one, we cannot make thee none. 4

EPIGRAM.

THRASO.

THRASO picks quarrels when he's drunk at night;
When ſober in the morning, dares not fight.
Thraſo, to ſhun thoſe ills that may enſue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too. 4

EPIGRAM.

GRIPE AND SHIFTER.

RICH Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
T' increaſe that wealth he wants the ſoul to ſpend.
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance ſet,
To ſpend that wealth he wants the ſenſe to get,

How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's eſtate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man!

SONGS.

SONG.

THOUGH Celia's born to be ador'd,
And Strephon to adore her born,
In vain her pity is implor'd,
Who kills him twice with charms and ſcorn.

II.

Fair ſaint, to your bleſt orb repair,
To learn in heaven a heavenly mind;
Thence harken to a ſinner's prayer,
And be leſs beauteous, or more kind.

SONG.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curſt;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worſt.
By partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions eaſier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you ſee
Are labouring in my breaſt;
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but ſlight the reſt!
How great ſoe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own deſpair,
But not another's hope.

A SONG TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, we not grieve that nature,
Forming you, has done her part;
And in every ſingle feature
Shew'd the utmoſt of her art.

II.

But in this it is pretended
That a mighty grievance lies,

That your heart ſhould be defended,
Whilſt you wound us with your eyes.

III.

Love's a ſenſeleſs inclination,
Where no mercy's to be found;
But is juſt, where kind compaſſion
Gives us balm to heal the wound.

IV.

Perſians, paying ſolemn duty
To the riſing ſun, inclin'd,
Never would adore his beauty,
But in hopes to make him kind.

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

DAPHNE.

SICILIAN muſe, my humble voice inſpire,
To ſing of Daphne's charms, and Damon's fire.
Long had the faithful ſwain ſuppreſt his grief,
And ſince he durſt not hope, ne'er aſk'd relief.
But at th' arrival of the fatal day
That took the nymph and all his joys away;
With dying looks he gaz'd upon the fair,
And what his tongue could not, his eyes declare:
Till with deep ſighs, as if his heart-ſtrings broke,
Preſſing her hand, theſe tender things he ſpoke.

DAMON.

Ah! lovely nymph, behold your lover burn,
And view that paſſion which you'll not return.
As no nymphs charms did ever equal thine,
So no ſwain's love did ever equal mine:
How happy, fair, how happy ſhould I be,
Might I but ſacrifice myſelf for thee!
Could I but pleaſe thee with my dying verſe,
And make thee ſhed one tear upon my hearſe!

DAPHNE.

Too free an offer of that love you make,
Which now, alas! I have not power to take:
Your wounds I cannot, though I would, relieve?
Phaon has all the love that I can give.
Had you among the reſt at firſt aſſail'd
My heart, when free, you had, perhaps, prevail'd.
Now if you blame, oh! blame not me, but Fate,
That never brought you 'till 'twas grown too late.

DAMON.

Had the fates brought me then, too charming fair,
I could not hope, and now I muſt deſpair.
Rul'd by your friends, you quit the lover's flame,
For flocks, for paſtures, for an empty name.

Yet though the beſt poſſeſſion fate denies,
Oh let me gaze for ever on thoſe eyes:
So juſt, ſo true, ſo innocent's my flame,
That Phaon, did he ſee it, could not blame.

DAPHNE.

Such generous ends I know you ſtill purſue,
What I can do, be ſure I will, for you.
If on eſteem or pity you can live,
Or hopes of more, if I had more to give,
Thoſe you may have, but cannot have my heart:
And ſince we now perhaps for ever part,
Such noble thoughts through all your life expreſs,
May make the value more, the pity leſs.

DAMON.

Can you then go? can you for ever part,
(Ye gods what ſhivering pains ſurround my heart!
And have one thought to make your pity leſs?
Ah, Daphne, could I half my pangs expreſs,
You could not think, though hard as rocks you were,
Your pity ever could too great appear.
I ne'er ſhall be one moment free from pain,
'Till I behold thoſe charming eyes again.
When gay diverſions do your thoughts employ,
I would not come to interrupt the joy;
But when from them you ſome ſpare moment find,
Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!
Think with what heart I ſhall behold the green,
Where I ſo oft thoſe charming eyes have ſeen!
Think with what grief I walk the groves alone,
When you, the glory of them all, are gone!
Yet, oh! that little time you have to ſtay,
Let me ſtill ſpeak, and gaze my ſoul away!
But ſee my paſſion that ſmall aid denies;
Grief ſtops my tongue, and tears o'erflow my eyes.

ECLOGUE II.

GALATEA.

THYRSIS, the gayeſt one of all the ſwains,
Who fed their flocks upon th' Arcadian plains
While love's mad paſſion quite devour'd his heart,
And the coy nymph that caus'd, neglects his ſmart;
Strives in low numbers, ſuch as ſhepherds uſe,
If not to move her breaſt, his own amuſe.
You Chloris, who with ſcorn refuſe to ſee
The mighty wounds that you have made on me;
Yet cannot ſure with equal pride diſdain,
To hear an humble hind of his complain.

Now while the flocks and herds to ſhades retire,
While the fierce ſun ſets all the world on fire;
Through burning fields, through rugged brakes I rove,
And to the hills and woods declare my love.
How ſmall's the heat! how eaſy is the pain
I feel without, to that I feel within!

Yet ſcornful Galatea will not hear,
But from my ſongs and pipe ſtill turns her ear:
Not ſo the ſage Coriſca, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich Ægon's only care:
From them my ſongs a juſt compaſſion drew;
And they ſhall have them, ſince contemn'd by you.

Why name I them, when e'en chaſte Cynthia ſtays,
And Pan himſelf, to liſten to my lays?
Pan, whoſe ſweet pipe has been admir'd ſo long,
Has not diſdain'd ſometimes to hear my ſong:
Yet Galatea ſcorns whate'er I ſay,
And Galatea's wiſer ſure than they.

Relentleſs nymph! can nothing move your mind?
Muſt you be deaf, becauſe you are unkind?
Though you diſlike the ſubject of my lays,
Yet ſure the ſweetneſs of my voice might pleaſe.
It is not thus that you dull Mopſus uſe;
His ſongs divert you, though you mine refuſe:
Yet I could tell you, fair one, if I would,
(And ſince you treat me thus, methinks I ſhould)

What the wiſe Lycon ſaid, when in yon' plain
He ſaw him court in hope, and me in vain;
Forbear, fond youth, to chaſe a heedleſs fair,
Nor think with well-tun'd verſe to pleaſe her ear;
Seek out ſome other nymph, nor e'er repine
That one who likes his ſongs, ſhould fly from thine.
Ah, Lycon! ah! your rage falſe dangers forms;
'Tis not his ſongs, but 'tis his fortune charms:
Yet, ſcornful maid, in time you'll find thoſe toys
Can yield no real, no ſubſtantial joys;
In vain his wealth, his titles gain eſteem,
If for all that you are aſham'd of him.
Ah, Galatea, would'ſt thou turn thoſe eyes,
Would'ſt thou but once vouchſafe to hear my cries;
In ſuch ſoft notes I would my pains impart,
As could not fail to move thy rocky heart;
With ſuch ſweet ſongs I would thy fame make known,
As Pan himſelf might not diſdain to own,
Oh could'ſt thou, fair one, but contented be
To tend the ſheep, and chaſe the hares with me:
To have thy praiſes echo'd through the groves,
And paſs thy days with one who truly loves:
Nor let thoſe gaudy toys thy heart ſurpriſe,
Which the fools envy, and the ſage deſpiſe.
But Galatea ſcorns my humble flame,
And neither aſks my fortune, nor my name.
Of the beſt cheeſe my well-ſtor'd dairy's full,
And my ſoft ſheep produce the fineſt wool;
The richeſt wines of Greece my vineyards yield,
And ſmiling crops of grain adorn my field.
Ah, fooliſh youth! in vain thou boaſt'ſt thy ſtore,
Have what thou wilt, if Mopſus ſtill has more.
See whilſt thou ſing'ſt, behold her haughty pride,
With what diſdain ſhe turns her head aſide!
Oh, why would Nature to our ruin, place
A tiger's heart, with ſuch an angel's face?
Ceaſe, ſhepherd, ceaſe, at laſt thy fruitleſs moan;
Nor hope to gain a heart already gone.
While rocks and caves thy tuneful notes reſound,
See how thy corn lies wither'd on the ground!

The hungry wolves devour thy fatten'd lambs;
And bleating for the young makes lean the dams.
Take, ſhepherd, take thy hook, thy flocks purſue,
And when one nymph proves cruel, find a new. 8

ECLOGUE III.

DAMON.

Taken from the eighth Eclogue of Virgil.

ARISE, O Phoſphorus! and bring the day,
While I in ſighs and tears conſume away;
Deceiv'd with flattering hopes of Niſa's love;
And to the gods my vain petitions move:
Though they've done nothing to prevent my death,
I'll yet invoke them with my dying breath.
Begin, my muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Arcadia's famous for its ſpacious plains,
Its whiſtling pine-trees, and its ſhady groves,
And often hears the ſwains lament their loaves.
Great Pan upon its mountains feeds his goats,
Who firſt taught reeds to warble rural notes.
Begin, my muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Mopſus weds Niſa! oh, well-ſuited pair!
When he ſucceeds, what lover can deſpair?
After this match, let mares and griffins breed;
And hounds with hares in friendly conſort feed,
Go Mopſus, go; provide the bridal cake,
And to thy bed the blooming virgin take:
In her ſoft arms thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
Behold, the evening comes to make thee bleſt!
Begin, my muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Oh, Niſa, happy in a lovely choice!
While you with ſcorn neglect my pipe and voice;
While you deſpiſe my humble ſongs, my herd,
My ſhaggy eyebrows, and my rugged beard;
While through the plains diſdainfully you move,
And think no ſhepherd can deſerve your love;
Mopſus alone can the nice virgin win,
With charming perſon and with graceful mien.
Begin, my muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
When firſt I ſaw you on thoſe fatal plains,
I reach'd you fruit; your mother too was there;
Scarce had you ſeen the thirteenth ſpring appear,
Yet beauty's buds were opening in your face;
I gaz'd, and bluſhes did your charms increaſe.

'Tis love, thought I, that's riſing in her breaſt;
Alas, your paſſion, by my own, I gueſt;
Then upon truſt I fed the raging pains.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Oh, love! I know thee now; thou ow'ſt thy birth,
To rocks; ſome craggy mountain brought thee forth;
Nor is it human blood that fills thy veins,
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Relentleſs love to bold Medea ſhew'd,
To ſtain her guilty hands in children's blood.
Was ſhe more cruel, or more wicked he?
He was a wicked counſellor, a cruel mother ſhe.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Now let the ſcreech-owls vie with warbling ſwans;
Upon hard oaks let bluſhing peaches grow,
And from the brambles liquid amber flow.
The harmleſs wolves the ravenous ſheep ſhall ſhun;
And valiant deer at fearful greyhounds run:
Let the ſea riſe and overflow the plains.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Adieu, ye flocks; no more ſhall I purſue!
Adieu, ye groves; a long, a long adieu!
And you, coy nymph, who all my vows diſdain,
Take this laſt preſent from a dying ſwain.
Since you diſlike whate'er in life I ſaid,
You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
This leap ſhall put an end to all my pains.
Now ceaſe, my Muſe, now ceaſe th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Thus Damon ſung while on the cliff he ſtood,
Then headlong plung'd into the raging flood.
All with united grief the loſs bemoan,
Except the auth'reſs of his fate alone,
Who hears it with an unrelenting breaſt.
Ah, cruel nymph! forbear your ſcorns at leaſt.
How much ſoe'er you may the love deſpiſe,
'Tis barbarous to exult o'er one that dies.

ECLOGUE. IV.

LYCON.

STREPHON and Damon's flocks together fed,
Two charming ſwains as e'er Arcadia bred;
Both fam'd for wit, and fam'd for beauty both;
But in the luſtre of their blooming youth:
No ſullen cares their tender thoughts remove,
No paſſions diſcompoſe their ſouls, but love.
Once, and but once alone, as ſtory goes,
Between the youths a fierce diſpute aroſe;
Not for the merit of their tuneful lays
(Though both deſerv'd, yet both deſpis'd, that praiſe);
But for a cauſe of greater moment far,
That merited a lover's utmoſt care.
Each ſwain the prize of beauty ſtrove to gain,
For the bright ſhepherdeſs that caus'd his pain.
Lycon they choſe, the difference to decide,
Lycon, for prudence and ſage counſel try'd;
Who love's myſterious arts had ſtudy'd long,
And taught, when old, what he had practis'd young.
For the diſpute alternate verſe they chooſe,
Alternate verſe delights the rural Muſe.

STREP. To Flavia, love, thou juſtly ow'ſt the prize,
She owns thy power, nor does thy laws reprove.

DAM. Though Sylvia, for herſelf, love's power defies,
What crowds of vaſſals has ſhe made to love!

STREP. When Flavia comes attir'd for rural games,
Each curl, each flower ſhe wears, a charm expreſs.

DAM. Sylvia without a foreign aid, inflames;
Charm'd with her eyes, we never mind her dreſs.

STREP. Have you ſeen Flavia with her flaxen hair?
She ſeems an image of the queen of love!

DAM. Sylvia's dark hair like Leda's lock appear,
And yet, like her, has charms to conquer Jove.

STREP. Flavia by crowds of lovers is admir'd;
Happy that youth who ſhall the fair injoy!

DAM. Sylvia neglects her lovers, lives retir'd!
Happy, that could her lonely thoughts employ!

STREP. Flavia, where'er ſhe comes, the ſwains ſub-
And every ſmile ſhe gives conveys a dart. [dues,
DAM. Sylvia the ſwains with native coldneſs views
And yet what ſhepherd can defend his heart?
STREP. Flavia's bright beauties in an inſtant ſtrike:
Gazers before they think of it, adore.
DAM. Sylvia's ſoft charms, as ſoon as ſeen, we like,
But ſtill the more we think, we love the more.
STREP. Who is ſo ſtupid, that has Flavia ſeen,
As not to view the nymph with vaſt delight?
DAM. Who has ſeen Sylvia, and ſo ſtupid been,
As to remember any other ſight?
STREP. What thoughts has Flavia, when with care ſhe views
Her charming graces in the cryſtal lakes?
DAM. To ſee hers, Sylvia need no mirrors uſe,
She ſees them by the conqueſts that ſhe makes.
STREP. With what aſſurance Flavia walks the plains!
She knows the nymphs muſt all their lovers yield.
DAM. Sylvia with bluſhes wounds the gazing ſwain;
And while ſhe ſtrives to fly, ſhe wins the field.
STREP. Flavia at firſt young Melibœus lov'd:
For me ſhe did that charming youth forſake.
DAM. Sylvia's relentleſs heart was never mov'd:
Gods! that I might the firſt impreſſion make!
STREP. Should Flavia hear that Sylvia vy'd with her
What indignation would the charmer ſhew!
DAM. Sylvia would Flavia to herſelf prefer:
There we alone her judgment diſallow.
STREP. If Sylvia's charms with Flavia's can compare
Why is this crowded ſtill, and that alone?
DAM. Becauſe their ways of life ſo different are;
Flavia gives all men hopes, and Sylvia none.
LYCON. Shepherds, enough; now ceaſe your amorous war,
Or too much heat may carry both too far:
I well attended the diſpute, and find
Both nymphs have charms, but each in different kind.
Flavia deſerves more pains than ſhe will coſt;
As eaſily got, were ſhe not eaſily loſt.

Sylvia is much more difficulty to gain;
But, once poſſeſs'd, will well reward the pain.
We wiſh them Flavias all when firſt we burn;
But, ouce poſſeſs'd, wiſh they would Sylvias turn.
And, by the different charms in each expreſt,
One we ſhould ſooneſt love, the other beſt. 81

ECLOGUE. V.

DELIA.

Lamenting the Death of Mrs. Tempeſt, who died upon the day of the great Storm.

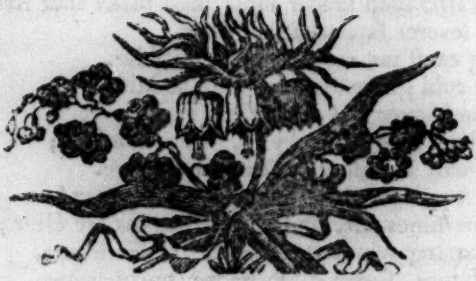
YE gentle ſwains, who paſs your days and nights
In Love's ſincere and innocent delights!
Ye tender virgins, who with pride diſplay
Your beauty's ſplendor, and extend your ſway!
Lament with me! with me your ſorrows join!
And mingle your united tears with mine!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
Begin, my Muſe! begine your mournful ſtrains!
Tell the ſad tale through all the hills and plains!
Tell it through every lawn and every grove!
Where flocks can wander, or where ſhepherds rove!
Bid neighbouring rivers tell the diſtant ſea,
And winds from pole to pole the news convey!
Delia the Queen of Love, let all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muſe!
See, hills, and plains, and winds, have heard the news;
The foming ſea o'erwhelms the frighten'd ſhore,
The vallies tremble, and the mountains roar.
See lofty oaks from firm foundations torn,
And ſtately towers in heaps of ruin mourn!
The gentle Thames, that rarely paſſion knows,
Swells with this ſorrow, and her banks o'erflows:
What ſhrieks are heard! what groans! what dying cries!
Ev'n Nature's ſelf in dire convulſions lies!
Delia, the Queen of Love, they all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
O! Why did I ſurvive the fatal day,
That ſnatch'd the joys of all my life away?
Why was not I beneath ſome ruin loſt?
Sunk in the ſeas, or ſhipwreck'd on the coaſt!
Why did the Fates ſpare this devoted head?
Why did I live to hear that thou wert dead?

By thee my griefs were calm'd, my torments eas'd;
Nor knew I pleasure, but as thou wert pleas'd.
Where shall I wander now, distress'd, alone?
What use have I of life, now thou art gone?
I have no use, alas! but to deplore
Delia, the pride of Beauty, now no more!
What living nymph is blest with equal grace?
All may dispute, but who can fill thy place?
What lover in his mistress hopes to find?
A form so lovely, with so bright a mind?
Doris may boast a face divinely fair,
But wants thy shape, thy motions, and thy air.
Lucinda has thy shape, but not those eyes,
That, while they did th' admiring world surprise,
Disclos'd the secret lustre of the mind,
And seem'd each lover's inmost thoughts to find.
Others, whose beauty yielding swains confess,
By indiscretion make their conquest less,
And want thy conduct and obliging wit
To fix those slaves who to their chains submit.
As some rich tyrant hoards an useless store,
That would, well plac'd, enrich a thousand more.
So didst thou keep a crowd of charms retir'd,
Would make a thousand other nymphs admir'd.
Gay, modest, artless, beautiful, and young;
Slow to resolve; in resolution strong;
To all obliging, yet reserv'd to all;
None could himself the favour'd lover call:
That which alone could make his hopes endure,
Was, that he saw no other swain secure.
Whither, ah! whither are those graces fled?
Down to the dark, the melancholy shade?
Now, shepherds, now lament! and now deplore!
Delia is dead, and Beauty is no more!
For thee each tuneful swain prepar'd his lays,
His fame exalting while he sung thy praise,
Thyrsis, in gay and easy measures, strove
To charm thy ears, and tune thy soul to love:
Menalcas, in his numbers more sublime,
Extoll'd thy virtues in immortal rhyme:

Glycon, whoſe ſatire kept the world in awe,
Soften'd his train, when firſt thy charms he ſaw,
Confeſs'd the goddeſs who new-form'd his mind,
Proclaim'd thy beauties, and forgot mankind.
Ceaſe, ſhepherd, ceaſe: the charms you ſung are fled;
The glory of our blaſted iſle is dead.
Now join your griefs with mine! and now deplore
Delia, the pride of beauty, now no more!
Behold where now ſhe lies depriv'd of breath!
Charming, though pale, and beautiful in death!
A troop of weeping virgins by her ſide,
With all the pomp of woe and ſorrow's pride!
O, early loſt! O, fitter to be led
In cheerful ſplendour to the bridal bed,
Than thus conducted to th' untimely tomb,
A ſpotleſs virgin in her beauty's bloom!
Whatever hopes ſuperior merit gave,
Let me, at leaſt, embrace thee in the grave;
On thy cold lips imprint a dying kiſs:
O that thy coyneſs could refuſe me this;
Such melting tears upon thy limbs I'll pour,
Shall thaw their numbneſs, and thy warmth reſtore:
Claſpt to my glowing breaſt, thou may'ſt revive;
I'll breathe ſuch tender ſighs ſhall make thee live;
Or, if ſeverer fates that aid deny,
If thou canſt not revive, yet I may die.
In one cold grave together may be laid
The trueſt lover and the lovlieſt maid.
Then ſhall I ceaſe to grieve, and not before;
Then ſhall I ceaſe fair Delia to deplore.
But ſee, thoſe dreadful objects diſappear!
The ſun ſhines out, and all the heavens are clear;
The warring winds are huſh'd, the ſea ſerene,
And Nature, ſoften'd, ſhifts her angry ſcene.
What means this ſudden change? methinks I hear
Melodious muſic from the heavenly ſphere!
Liſten, ye ſhepherds, and devour the ſound!
Liſten: the ſaint, the lovely ſaint is crown'd!
While we, miſtaken in our joy and grief,
Bewail her fate, who wants not our relief;

From the pleas'd orbs ſhe views us here below,
And with kind pity wonders at our woe.
Ah, charming ſaint! ſince thou art bleſs'd above,
Indulge thy lovers, and forgive their love:
Forgive their tears, who preſs'd with grief and care,
Feel not thy joys, but feel their own deſpair.

FINIS.



CONTENTS.

	Page
Life of the Author,	5
Preface,	11
MISCELLANIES.	
To his Book,	17
Jealouſy,	ib.
Cure of Jealouſy,	20
Sonnet. Death,	21
The Antidote,	ib.
Upon a Favour offered,	22
The Reconcilement,	23
Dialogue between a Lover and his Friend,	ib.
The Fair Mourner,	25
To his Miſtreſs, againſt Marriage,	26
To Cælia, upon ſome Alterations in her Face,	ib.
The Retirement,	27
The Deſpairing Lover,	29
Phillis's Reſolution,	30
An Epiſtle to a Lady who had reſolved againſt Marriage,	31
Clelia to Urania. An Ode,	32
Loving one I never ſaw,	33
Horace, Ode III. Book III. imitated, 1705,	36
The Golden Age reſtored, in imitation of the fourth Eclogue of Virgil,	39
ELEGIES.	
Elegy, The unrewarded Lover,	43
——— The Power of Verſe,	ib.
——— To his falſe Miſtreſs,	45
——— Upon the ſame Occaſion,	47
——— The Petition,	48
——— Upon quitting his Miſtreſs,	ib.
EPIGRAMS.	
Epigram, written in a Lady's Table-Book,	50
——— Lyce,	ib.

Epigram, To his falſe Miſtreſs, ib.
——— Love and Jealouſy, 51
——— Chloe, ib.
——— Cornus, ib.
——— Thraſo, ib.
——— Gripe and Shifter, ib.

SONGS.

Song, 53
Song, ib.
Song to Phyllis, ib.

PASTORAL ECLOGUES,

Eclogue I. Daphne, 55
——— II. Galatea, 57
——— III. Damon, 60
——— IV. Lycon, 62
——— V. Lamenting the Death of Mrs. Tempeſt, who died upon the Day of the great Storm, 65

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